

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE BOOK WORM.

By VINCENT G. PERRY.
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RAYMOND WALSH was a puzzle to the flingers of Willgreen. At the age of twenty-five he was not even giving marriage a thought. Nothing seemed to interest him but books and his estate. Sarah Morley, who had been postmistress for thirty years (this was a fact Sarah hoped no one could remember) kept the village posted on his activities. The first year he had been home from college he had taken a correspondence course in law, then he had switched off to short story writing and later had studied the keeping of bees and the culture of mushrooms. He was always trying something new, but kept on with the old things he had learned, adding to his hobbies almost monthly. He was always sending away for and receiving books to study. The stables at the Walsh estate were filled with horses and dogs—dogs had been a hobby from boyhood and he inherited a love for horses. It was necessary for him to hire two stablemen, a kennel man, a bee-keeper and a gardener besides his household servants, but he supervised everything personally.

Raymond did not find time for social life. It did not interest him in the least. He attended church every Sunday morning and sat in the Walsh pew all by himself, occasionally smiling on those who spoke to him, but never once letting his eyes rest on any one of the girls in the choir—and all the eligible girls in the village were there. Willgreen knew he was doomed to bachelorhood and the choir girls had long since given up all attempts to make an impression on him. Matrimonially he was out of the market.

"What do you suppose he is studying now?" Miss Temple exclaimed, breathlessly, as she hurried into the meeting of the T. G. C. (This might have stood for Town Gossip Club). Every member knew who she meant but before they could offer a guess she had told them. "Veterinary surgery! What do you think of it?" The discussion that followed did credit to the volubility of the members of the T. G. C. Little Miss Audrey Dunbar from the city was an interested visitor.

"Why, auntie, what is it all about?" she asked. "Who is this man, and why does everyone criticize him so severely?"

They were only too glad to tell her all about Raymond. After the meeting Audrey felt an irresistible longing to meet this "oddy" of the village. The sunshine suggested a stroll in the direction of the Walsh estate. Oddity or no oddity, she was going to look nice when she met him, she decided, as she put on her prettiest hat.

Just as she neared the Walsh estate, a dog limped toward her. Struck with a sudden thought, she coaxed the animal to her and examined its injured foot. It was broken, she felt sure. It was a big, dirty cur, by all appearances, but nevertheless she picked it up in her arms and walked boldly through the gate that led to the Walsh home. She almost let the dog fall as she caught sight of a tall, good-looking man weeding in the garden, but regained her courage and kept right on. He dropped his hoe as he caught sight of her, and ran to meet her.

"What has happened?" he asked. "My dog has been injured," she said. "Whatever will I do? I should not have brought him from the city with me. Oh, is his leg broken? Do not wriggle so, dear Fido."

Raymond smiled faintly, as he took the dog from her and rested it on the grass. "N, it is not broken," he announced, "but needs attention."

"For old Rover—Fido, I mean!" Audrey corrected her mistake, hurriedly. She hoped Raymond had not noticed it.

"I will carry him to the kennels. I have hospital equipment there," Raymond said, as he looked up from the dog.

"Might I go, too? I hate to leave Fido!" The eagerness in Audrey's tone was not at all feigned.

"Certainly," he replied. Fido seemed quite at home in the kennels. All he required was the rest cure, apparently, for Raymond left him to show Audrey about the place. "It is wonderful," she told him enthusiastically. "Everything is perfect. You must be a genius to have a knowledge of so many things."

He laughed. "The villagers here think I am a lunatic. You are the first outsider to go over this estate for five years. Nobody takes any interest in me. They think I am odd for loving this place and spending my time here instead of enjoying the pleasures of the village. All the girls here think I am an oddity. I am, too, don't you think so?"

"I should say I do not! They must be crazy! Village people are always queer—some of them at least, a great many of them, in fact. Your life must be far more pleasant than the humdrum life these villagers live. It would drive me mad. It is different in the city."

"Yes, I know it is. Some day I am going to the city," he said seriously. Once the ice had been broken Audrey called often to see how "Fido" was getting on. She left him entirely in Raymond's care. But visits don't last forever, and one day she announced that she was going home to the city.

"I am sorry," Raymond said, sadly. "I will miss you more than you can realize."

"Will you?" she asked, earnestly. "I certainly will." With an effort he changed the subject. "You will take Fido home with you, of course. He is right at home here."

Audrey blushed furiously. "He is not really my dog," she confessed. "I never saw him before that day. He is just a poor dog I picked up. I was out-

GOVERNOR'S LADY



The wife of Governor Northey, of British East Africa, is serving in a hospital in France.

to meet you, and that was the way I went about it."

Raymond was laughing. "I knew it all along," he too, confessed. "He is my dog—one of the best I own, aren't you Jim, id boy?" The recovered Fido danced around his master in acknowledgment.

"You must have thought I was terrible," she cried, horror-stricken. "It was a dreadful thing to do. Everything you do and say is sweet. Just think how happy your deception has made me. I love you, dear, and if it was not that I knew you hated village life so much I would ask you to become my wife."

"Village life! What difference does that make? Of course, I will become your wife, even if we had to live on a desert island."

"You won't have to live here always. I have been doing some experimenting for the government and I have a chance for an appointment in the Agricultural department. If I accept it we can live in the city part of the time and have this for our summer home."

"Lovely," she cried. "After all, it won't matter where we live, for love will make us happy anywhere."

LAST CONFERENCE AT M.E. SOUTH

Rev. F. S. Pollitt, D. D., to Review the Past Four Years' Work.

At the Methodist Episcopal church, south, on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock the fourth and last quarterly conference will be held. Rev. F. S. Pollitt, D. D., of Fairmont, presiding over the activities of the church during the past four years. He has been in the local field four years and his work has been very efficient. This year rounding out the fourth one will necessitate his removal to another district at the next meeting of the conference, which will be held at Logan, W. Va., beginning on September 4 and continuing one week.

Rev. R. J. Yoak, pastor of the local M. E. church, south, will attend the conference as will Rev. J. B. Yoak, of Rivesville, and Rev. C. N. Coffman, of Fairview. Recently the local M. E. congregation passed a resolution requesting the return of Rev. R. J. Yoak as its pastor.

LAUREL POINT

Mrs. Lon Riggs and son Charles, of Morgantown, were week end visitors with Mrs. Nancy Barb.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brand left Friday evening in company with her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Lough, of Morgantown, for a visit with her son, Hugh Brand, who is now at Camp Custer, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lanham expected to start on the 22d to visit their son Brooks, who is in training at Camp Meade, Md. They will go through in their car.

J. H. Thompson and daughter Ruth left Sunday morning for Weston.

Mrs. Geo. Guseman and children spent a few days with Clark Scott and wife.

Mrs. Ida Henry has returned home after a few days' visit with her brother, Clyde Stansbury, of River Bend.

Married at the home of Rev. O. W. Waters in Morgantown on Wednesday evening, the 21st, Miss Vanda Fisher and James L. Coombs, both of this place. On Saturday evening, the 24th, Miss Wilma Brock and Albert Gabbert, of Flickersville. On Thursday morning, the 22d, Miss Marjorie Post, of Spencer, to Delbert Fisher, of this place.

Mrs. Ellen Stansbury is here for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Ida Henry. Mrs. Stansbury is past 83 years old, but remains active and seems quite interested in the present war activities and has done much Red Cross work.

Denzil Malone and wife, of Shinnston, and John Smallwood and wife, of Powell, were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. S. J. Stevens.

Mr. Elias Keener and wife, of Powell, and son Loren Keener and family of Fairmont, were guest of relatives here Sunday.

Ray Stevens was here Sunday to see his mother, Mrs. S. J. Stevens. Victor Barb and wife, of Morgantown, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Straud Barb.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

EIGHTH CHAPTER

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I Discover the Cause of My Husband's Parting Bad Humor.

"I guess, Jane, it's up to you and me to figure out how mother is going to miss the high cost of Dad's folly," my brother-in-law continued.

"I suppose Daddy Lorimer refused to let my husband talk to her instead of to you, as he wanted to," I asked.

"You bet he did. He told Bob he was smugly short on duty and he ordered him to hold his tongue."

"Well, Bob certainly obeyed like a perfectly dutiful son. He rushed back to camp and never breathed a single word to me. Sometimes, Jim, I think Bob doesn't have much confidence in me."

"I guess he didn't want you to know that such rotten things could happen in the family, Jane dear. But I had to tell you. Who else could I go to? Sure not to Chrys."

"Jim, as you've always told me everything, ever since our mothers used to push our baby carriages to market together, I don't see any sense in stopping now."

"Going right on, then—Dad didn't get well enough to make the trip to camp with the crowd, you remember. But the night before the troops moved east, he got Bob by long distance. Neither would budge an inch from his first trenches. And I guess Dad made it a pretty bad hour for his eldest son."

"Yes, I thought, and he made it a pretty bad hour for his daughter-in-law, too. For at last I understood that

at the family home Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and interment was made in the Mannington cemetery.

From New York.

Mrs. Mary Simmons has returned from New York city, where she had attended Columbia University the past summer term.

In France.

A card to relatives yesterday morning announces the safe arrival of Charlie Shaw, a local boy, in France.

W. C. T. U.

The 22nd annual convention of the Marion County W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. church here Thursday, September 5. The convention will hold two sessions, morning and afternoon.

Personals.

Mrs. W. M. Murphy and child have gone to Clarksburg for a visit with relatives.

Miss Alberta Brady has returned from a visit with her cousin, Miss Irene Sutton, at New Matamoras, Ohio.

Mrs. C. A. Snodgrass and son, Kenneth, have returned from a visit with relatives in Woodsfield, Ohio.

Stewart Smith, James Fitzhugh, John Glover and Loren Harbert, of Fairmont, spent Sunday with friends in the city.

The Misses Lulu McMillan and Emma Norton attended teachers' institute at Fairmont.

Leonard Deegan, of Fairmont, spent Sunday with friends here.

rs. E. W. Conington and daughter, Miss Margaret, have returned from a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. Mary Burton, in Clarksburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Craddock have returned from a visit with the former's parents in Cameron.

The Misses Lillian and Caroline Moore have returned to their home in Hagerstown, Md., after a visit with their aunt, Mrs. A. Dunigan, in Clarksburg street.

Mrs. C. G. Blake and sister, Miss Mabel Morgan, have returned from camp at Mount Vernon.

Mrs. James A. Morgan and sons have returned from a visit with relatives in Lore City and Marion, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wheat, of Wheeling, spent the week end with the former's sister, Mrs. A. M. Burt.

John C. Ely spent the week end with relatives in Cameron.

Miss Lillian Rossey, of Washington, D. C., has arrived for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cochrane, in High street.

George Phillips and Roy Glover, of Glover Gap, were visitors in the city yesterday.

Draftees to Leave For Camp Greene Soon

Next Thursday the city draft board will send twenty-six draftees away. There will be eight twenty-oneers in the group, John Henshaw, secretary of the board, said today. The young men are expected to secure their breakfast before they report to the board—the reporting time being 6 a. m. The draftees will board the Wheeling accommodation here at 6:55 a. m. for Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

For the first time in their lives, refugee children sheltered in the Luxembourg Asylum in the Toul sector in France are being taught to brush and care for their teeth by American Red Cross nurses.

Conducts Music.

Miss Helen Redmon, of Lancaster, Ohio, who will teach music in the local school the coming term, has arrived to conduct the music at institute this week.

Mrs. Taylor Dies.

Mrs. Jefferson Taylor, aged 49 years, passed away at her home a mile west of the city Saturday morning, after an illness of several months. Mrs. Taylor had never fully recovered from an operation which she underwent at Cook's Hospital in Fairmont a few months ago. She is survived by the husband and several children. Funeral services were held

FAIRMONT AMAZED BY SUDEN ACTION

The quick action of pure Lavoptik eye wash is startling. A school boy had eye strain so badly he could not read. A week's use of Lavoptik surprised his teacher so much she used it for her old mother. ONE WASH showed benefit. A small bottle is guaranteed to benefit EVERY CASE weak strained or inflamed eyes. The QUICK result is astonishing. Alsim-num eye cup FREE.

ASTHMADOR

AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER

ASTHMA

Begin Treatment NOW

All Drugs Guaranteed

New Fall Fashions Notably Smart

Be it in suit or coat, Miss Manhattan greets the Autumn with an assured air of being in the very latest style.

For war work, business or social duties New York chooses garments like these—well made of good materials and delightfully youthful.

The latest arrivals in Miss Manhattan modes are now on display in our Coat and Suit Department. Be sure to ask for them.

Osgood's for Quality

A fancy mixture fabric is used for this coat, which is lined to the waist with durable satin and heavily interlined. Buttons trim the large convertible collar and the smart pockets. An inverted plait down the center adds character to the back.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Would never again a man find the world a howling wilderness filled with the want of me? I asked my smiling double in the mirror. Was my place in life to be the companion of indefinitely growing old age?

"I do not know why Barclay made his proposal of marriage in this cold fashion," said out loud to the girl in the mirror, the girl whose curling red hair seemed to be a scintillating nimbus about her face and whose red lips were parted in a little scornful smile. "But both you and I know, my dear double, that he lost out—perhaps by the manner of his wooing."

"When I marry," I continued to my double in the long mirror, "it will be to the man who thinks he cannot live another minute without me."

Just then Richard Waverly III in the next room set up a lusty yell, and with a happy smile to the girl in the mirror I said, "There is one small man who thinks he cannot live without me."

I walked into the other room and picked up Dicky.

His soft, downy head dropped into the hollow under my chin. "Oh, Dicky you teach your mother almost daily that she does not know herself," I said to myself. "Just because a good looking man makes very sedate love as

ing you just a set of silly old 'trau though Dick was talking to me and telling me how glad he was that I strained the little form of my baby had come back to him and Dicky. I close to me and looked into its unconscious face."

For the first time I caught on his mean, little book, that for the first time I saw that smile grow and perk up at the left corner for me. Richard Waverly III always has that smile for Jim, but today it almost seemed as though it were Dick, my own Dick of the long ago who had placed his fascinating fingers on my baby's mouth.

Quickly I laid my baby down and almost ran to my writing desk and had just written, "My dear Mr. Sill" when Mollie came in. She looked at me rather inquiringly, at least I thought there was a questioning look in her eyes.

"I just met Barclay Sill down the street," she said, "Margie, when are you going to send him on another tour around the world?"

"Maybe, I'll go with him," I said mischievously.

"Not a chance in the world, dear," she answered positively.

"How do you know, Mollie?"

"I know because I know you, Margie. Sometimes I think I know you better

than you even know yourself."

"But, Mollie, Barclay Sill is a fine man—"

"When did any woman of your temperament marry a man just because she could describe him by the adjective 'fine', Margie?"

"Not knowing any woman of just my temperament I could not tell, but I have reached the age, Mollie, when I know that a sensible marriage is one where there, promise to be comradeship and understanding. Do you remember, Mollie, the passage in that old book, 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' where the Princess Floria said to her lover, 'If love were only all, some women, dear, make love all, and throw honor, duty and themselves beneath the chariot of Eros, only to find that just as sure as night follows day, society follows fulfilled desire; life must be made up of many things of which love is only a small part.'"

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